VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MARCH 30, 1905. NUMBER 5

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Might one be healed from fevering thought,
And only look, each night,
On some plain work well wrought,
Or if a man as right and true might be
As a flower or tree!
I would give up all the mind
In the prim city's hoard can find—
House with its scrap-ard bedight,
Straitened manners of the street,
Smooth-voiced society—
If so the swiftness of the wind
Might pass into my feet;
If so the sweetness of the wheat
Into my soul might pass,
And the clear courage of the grass;
If the lark caroled in my song;
If one tithe of the faithfulness
Of the bird-mother with her brood
Into my selfish heart might press
And make me also instinct-good.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

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3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905. NUMBER 5

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day.
Better the lowly deed were done
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

Beside the great multitude of *familiar* religious bodies, there seem to be now in America some followers of every "Revelator" the human race has ever produced. One of the latest sects to which public attention has been invited is called the "Holy Rollers." What next?

We observe the changes that have seamed this old earth's surface have come by time's slow circuitous method. If we suppose there is a supreme creative and sustaining force, it must operate through the endless ether of infinite space. Does the time scale of the world answer to the space scale in magnitude?

The story is old, that Ulysses, in sailing by the Island of the Sirens, filled the ears of his soldiers with wax and had himself tied fast to the mast of his ship. Orpheus could sing a sweeter song than the Sirens, and hence was above the power of temptation. Nearly a thousand years after Homer, Paul said: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

It is only three centuries since the Latin races began to do their own thinking about religion. What opened the way for their advancement here? Was it not the growth of natural science? Science fastens forever the stern realities of fact to Nature's infallible laws. It opens a new comprehension of both the visible and the invisible. It makes possible gigantic strides, not only in Geography, Astronomy and Chemistry, but also in the realms of all the unwritten phenomena of the Spirit. Its probable possibilities in the future, who can measure?

Literally translated, the word universe means "the one, turning." And this, again, is not a bad summary of the Monistic philosophy. The mind does not find rest in the thought of an ultimate dualism. All things are, must be—

"Parts of one stupendous whole;
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Hence, evil is not, cannot be, an entity, a something that has self-existence; but rather is it the negative side of things; an incident in the becoming of the good, which only can be eternal. Homer makes Proteus, the old man of the sea, the symbol of the permanent in the transient, and his daughter, Sidotheka, is naturally the goddess of Appearance, or the outer seeming of things. Hence the young man Telemachus is exhorted to "hold fast to Proteus." If many of the young men of our times could see beneath the surface appearance of things, they would not run so recklessly into the extravagances of wealth, of pride, and sensuous pleasures. The enduring values of the real can be found only in the world of the true and the good; in the moral grandeurs of noble thinking, living and doing.

There is a growing feeling that public honesty in business is declining in these years of increasing commercial greatness. And in the world of vast trusts and speculations there is good ground for believing that there has been a large loss in our economic morality. But we should discriminate between these perversions and abuses and the normal channels and methods of the mighty business world. Take, as one example, the Chicago Board of Trade, one of the largest business organizations in the country, and having large transactions with the grain centers of all lands. This great Board of Trade is organized, not for speculation, but for business; it rests upon the soundest business laws, and these are vigorously adhered to and enforced. If one of its two thousand members is convicted of trickery, falsehood or dishonest dealing, he is expelled and can never again become a member. Its vast transactions are not speculative; every bushel of grain bought or sold must be delivered. And so of the large wholesale and retail forms of business in our country; they all rest upon the foundations of honesty. They could exist permanently upon no other. It is in the greed, the oppression, the speculation and gambling of mighty trusts and corporations that the dishonesty of our time is so apparent, and its influence upon public morality so hurtful.

It is not enough that war presses flesh and blood into the work of slaughter, beggars homes, orphans children, oppresses labor and places its dripping hand on the church and its searing iron upon the state. If reports are true, there is another outrage added to its long list of crimes. The Russian government has destroyed the paintings depicting the horrors of war, masterpieces of the great and lamented Verestchagin. Verestchagin was more than artist, or painter, or philosopher with easel. He was a man with a heart and

life of love. Every pulse beat for humanity. Every fiber cried out against the awfulness of war. And the horror of war depicted on the canvas was his highest appeal to humanity to forever stay its ravages. That his message was eloquent and effective was sufficient in the eyes of warring barbarism to justify its suppression. And so the work of the dead master, not of Russia alone, but of the world,—work that can never be replaced,—falls a sacrifice to the gods of war. Art, literature, inspiration must be ground under the iron heel. And, in return, what picture is Russia painting for the world,—an autocracy grounded in tyranny, an empire covered with intrigues, seamed with rebellions, and deluged with the blood of prince and peasant. To those who enjoyed the works of Verestchagin in the Art Institute two years ago and especially to those who listened to his earnest words, pleading for the higher humanities of nations, this latest insult of Russia will come as a double grief and sorrow.

Influence.

If nothing is really lost or wasted in the vast universe, if there is an infinite economy which conserves the falling leaf and fluttering snowflake, every atom has a value and exerts some influence. Name it as you please. The stones of the field are changed by the atmosphere while they affect the soil on which they rest. Is there a cause for all phenomena? Just so surely do all effects become causes, reproducing thus the eternal creative energy. Such is the subtile alchemy of life. If there is anything unrelated, what is it, pray, and where? Does it seem strange that men have supposed the celestial spheres might affect the temperament of man, when we see that the food we eat and the heat that cooks it are produced by *one* of them—the sun? What is this abiding inspirational power, forever breathing itself forth, encircling the worlds, as ocean surrounds the continents? I do not pretend to know. One says it should be spelled "Nature," another, "Life," and a third insists it must be spelled "God." I would not quarrel with any man's orthography now, nor care to spell him down. I scorn none, deny none. We are all mosaic, anyhow. You cannot go along our busy city streets without leaving your mark upon the passers there, or receiving some impression from them all. Every day the soul is adding to its widening domain. The effect of environment upon character is doubtless great. Climate, hills, valleys, houses, etc., cannot be ignored. But greater far, perhaps, is the influence of the man you meet, the woman who smiles upon you, or the little child that climbs upon your knee and looks long into your eyes. We cannot fully measure the power of a great personality. But we know it helps us all to do well things that otherwise had never been attempted and to feel sure that the Infinite is breathing in human breath and thinking in human thought.

F. V. H.

The Congress of Religion and Lincoln Centre.

In thought, purpose, work and in spirit the Congress of Religion and Lincoln Centre are essentially one. They differ in this: one is local—the home of a church; the other is general—its field is the whole country, the world. But they are one again in the fact that they both aim to work along the lines of the universal. And, furthermore, UNITY, the church paper, is the official organ of the Congress, and its senior editor is the General Secretary of the Congress; and in this way the central headquarters of the Congress are, naturally, at the Lincoln Centre.

But all this does not mean that the Congress in any sense belongs to this local society or that it is controlled by it, any more than by any other of the many churches that send delegates to its meetings and contribute to its support. The Congress of Religion belongs to humanity, and is gladly working with all churches and all souls for the good of a world.

It is more than the ordinary courtesy of an invitation, more than a coincidence, that All Souls Church has invited the Congress of Religion to hold its annual session in connection with the dedication of Lincoln Centre. It is a recognition of the fitness of things, and the result of wise foresight and plan; hence the occasion should be accentuated as one of large and far-reaching significance.

Two years ago last winter, the writer, with Mrs. Thomas, gave four months to the work of the Congress on the Pacific Coast; and when the way was prepared, we were joined at Los Angeles by Brother Jones, the General Secretary; at Leland Stanford University, by President Jordan and Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, and at Tacoma by Rev. Dr. Martin; and everywhere in California, Oregon and Washington we had the able and earnest co-operation of the Reformed Jewish rabbis. As a result, six congresses were held. The annual meeting was at Los Angeles; the other sessions were held at the Leland Stanford University, at San Jose, and at Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, and all met with most gratifying success.

Returning home, plans were about perfected for Dr. Heber Newton to join us in the early fall in holding preaching services and occasional Congresses in the Northwest till in December, and then carry on a similar form of work in the South during the winter. But accident and consequent illness intervened, and all had to be abandoned for the time. With renewed health and strength we hope to enter this field in the fall; and thus it will be seen that while the work of the Congress has been hindered, much was done in the far West, and large plans are preparing for the near future. And it is earnestly hoped that the coming meeting at Lincoln Centre will call together all the old friends and workers and bring in many new ones, and that the Congress of Religion will go forth with a new enthusiasm in its message and mission.

This Congress should be noted for the clearness and depth of its vision of the condition and needs

of these strange and wonderful years, and the wisdom and fearless courage of its words. The whole social order is in the turmoil, the peril, the possibilities and hopes of a mighty transition. Great truths and principles are waiting for clearer and higher expression. Over against the doubting, the agnostic, the negative attitude of the sense side of existence, should be heard the profound affirmations of the spirit side of being; of the moral order of the universe; the voice of the Soul and God.

The Congress of Religion stands for the eternal realities of the universal in religion and seeks a closer, sympathetic and practical co-operation in the things common to all. Recognizing the personal rights of reason and conscience, it would not disturb the autonomy of any of the chuches or debate their differentiating lines of belief. But it does recognize the growth of ideas and the unwisdom of trying to bind the past upon the present; and in a larger trust would leave the great questions of truth to the rational and moral consciousness of the future.

Not a few of the ablest thinkers of our time will take part in this Congress and the public has a right to expect light and inspiration upon the great problems of our wonderful age. H. W. THOMAS.

Club Song.

A house stands on a busy street,
Its doors are opened wide,
To all who come it bids good cheer,
To some it says, Abide.
Gathered within its friendly walls
A club of women find
The joys of glad companionship,
Contentment for the mind.

For they have learned what all must learn,
That in life's hardest storm,
The shelter we together build
Is all that keeps us warm;
That fellowship is heaven-sent,
That it alone can free
The human heart from bitterness,
And give it liberty.

Some hours they spend in quiet mood,
On poet's wings upborne,
They lose themselves in other's joys
Or weep with those who mourn.
Some hours by traveled mem'ry led
To foreign lands they roam;
Some hours they bide beside the hearth
And talk of things of home.

Some hours they sit 'neath music's spell,
And when the air is rife
With all the magic of sweet sound,
It heals the pang of life,
Some hours they dream with civic pride
Of cities that shall be,
Within whose streets each citizen
Shall live life worthily.

Some hours they sew with tender thought,
To keep one mem'ry green;
They talk of those whose lives are hard,
Who suffer wrongs unseen.
They ever open wide their hearts
To all who are oppressed,
And in life's strange perplexities
They strive for what is best.

—Written by Miss Jane Addams for the dedication of the Hull House Woman's Club Building.

THE PULPIT.

A Political Survey.

DELIVERED BY WILLIAM A. KENT IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1905.

I commend to your attention the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, as a text:

"We, the people of the United States,
in order to form a more perfect union,
Establish Justice,
Insure Domestic Tranquility,
Provide for the Common Defense,
Promote the General Welfare, and
Secure the Blessings of Liberty to Ourselves and Our Posterity,
Do Ordain and Establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

This came hot out of radical hearts that knew neither aristocracy nor plutocracy. It was penned by men who, in years gone by, dedicated to the cause of liberty "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

I.

We shortlived human beings are impatient with the slow progress of the Eternal, and if there be a fair-minded personal God, he cannot but sympathize with our passionate desire to see results in our brief life-times. Even if we accept the broad, pantheistic view and hold ourselves but a part of the whole, we still hunger for results; it is in our natures or we should not progress nor have courage to do our share toward working for righteousnesss. This hunger for results is probably more gratified to those of us living at the present time than to those in any age the world has seen.

If we put our little pegs in the glacier of progress and corresponding pegs in the cliff at the edge, we can see the movement of the great mass toward sunnier climes and greater usefulness.

Nine years ago I talked of politics from this pulpit, and the days were evil days. Evil days on account of the hardship of our people; evil days on account of the almost hopeless corruption of our politics; evil days on account of the nostrum urged as a cure.

It is strange in looking back to those days, to realize that it was before them and in times of well nigh undisputed plutocracy, that the iron master put forth, I cannot say wrote, his book on "Triumphant Democracy."

The struggle, the suffering of those days were not in vain. The battle is endless against human selfishness and ignorance. In one sense the accomplishment may not seem great, but in view of the vast mass to be raised, all reasonable expectations have been surpassed. Our enemies are unmasked, our road lies clearer before us.

II.

Looking at the world overseas, we see in the broad average, what is visible here, the increasing respect for human rights. Outside of this there is the tendency toward peace. It may seem strange to talk of peace, at this time of stupendous warfare, when men by the hundred thousands turn their innocent dead faces to the heedless stars, and when official murderers glibly talk of sending other hundreds of thousands to death, at the irresponsible whim of a weak-minded, incompetent despot.

It may even seem strange to talk of peace after England, whose blood is in our veins, was driven by greedy speculators, and a conscienceless Secretary, into well nigh exterminating a people of their own

race and with virtues (judged even by English standards), averaging higher than their own.

And those of us who resented as impudent and contravening all our past, the assumption of our country's right to subjugate an alien people, we who resent the vast plans for a navy to terrorize the world; we hardly feel that our country has given outward proofs of the spirit of peace.

Peace ought to come spontaneously out of the common sense and the mercy of men, but just as Lincoln said of emancipation, it may come out of the scourge of war. For the recent wars have been so terrible in cost of life and waste of capital that even the sordid fear them; and the horror of them, as portrayed in photograph and description, is bringing home the realizing sense of this, the sum of human iniquity, the apotheosis of human folly.

Turning for comfort to what might be called the practical side of the question, it would seem that the Russian autocracy with its lying diplomacy and with its heedlessness of the lives and welfare of its people, were soon to pass away. It would appear that the other great and irresponsible despotism, Turkey, is on the verge of disruption. As nearly as one can read the complicated relations of Europe: Russia is armed for conquest. Germany is armed in fear of Russia and in fear of the Franco-Russian alliance. France is afraid of Germany. Austria is afraid of Russia and Germany. Norway, Sweden and Denmark are afraid of Russia. England is afraid of Russia. Italy is just plain afraid, and the Balkan States and Greece are afraid of Turkey.

In all this mass of expensive cowardice, Russia is the exciting cause and the original carrier of concealed weapons; not Russia. but the Russian despotism, and with the elimination of that despotism Europe can disarm, if it has sufficient sense, and organize an International Police. Should Japan belie our reasonable expectations and menace European peace, the water squad of the Police force could soon dispel the danger.

But in the meantime the gospel of Tolstoy will work to disarm the individual, and the Hague Tribunal to disarm the nations.

III.

As we look at our nation we have abundant ground for optimism. Our Chief Magistrate is brave, honest, able and sound to the core. His gospel of a "square deal" is no lip service. The action taken in the coal strike was prophetic of his shibboleth, and the insistence on openness and fairness of dealing by the great corporations, furnishes light and leading to Congress and even illuminates the cesspool at the other end of the Capitol.

The situation is being clarified. We know that the time is not far distant when the great corporations must perform their lawful functions of producing, free from gambling and extortion.

The railways, inherent needs and inherent monopolies, must charge rates consonant with investment and not with capitalization, and must recognize that they have no more right to discriminate than has the post office. If they fail to see this, the moral is obvious. They will be taken by the government.

Recent years have brought about a better understanding of the negro question North and South, although the election returns scarcely indicate it. If the South can realize the growing sympathy of the North, and if the North can more keenly realize the awful error of the Fifteenth Amendment, then both sections can work together to educate their problem and thereby at least reduce it to simpler terms.

For thoughtful people must admit that it has been conclusively demonstrated, that the negro emerged from slavery unfit for the franchise, and that in the broad average he is still unfit. I challenge any northern city to show any group, numerically considerable, of negro electors that can be trusted to vote righteously.

The replies to this statement are two: first, that white men do the corrupting, and, second, that there is a corrupt white vote. These replies I freely admit for what they are worth. Corruption and ignorance should everywhere be disfranchised, and the law should deal more severely with the white vote buyer and seller than with the black. But these replies are not answers, because the average of the white electorate is not corrupt in the face of the same temptations. This unfitness to vote is but arrested development, in the average negro character, of exactly the same sort as is seen in the petty pilfering of negroes who are loyal and trustworthy in large matters. The white man who sells his vote is usually bad all through; the white man who would steal a suit of underwear would climb a porch.

It is well that the door of opportunity should not be closed to the black man, but to permit him, in his unfit condition, to carry the elections against white men on the average far his superiors, is to close the door of opportunity to the white man.

Merely mentioning the pride we can feel in the service of Waring, and Wood, and Taft, and many an humbler man in lands divided from us, the man who has mightly served the cause of international righteousness is John Hay. He has blazed a clear trail thro' the morasses of diplomacy. He has said what he meant and has meant what he said, and we have not been ashamed of his words or his intent. He has frankly and openly worked for peace and justice and has given an unaccustomed bath of truthfulness to the statesmanship of Europe. His way is there called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," but it is better to have a clean shirt and show it than to hide dirty ruffles under a bespangled coat.

Amid all the imperfections and evils of our federal government, there is but one real menace to our future, and that, you all know, is the United States Senate.

The only means of cleansing that particular stable seems to be by pledging legislators to vote for the popular choice as indicated by a direct primary. That provision of our own proposed law is now being fought by both our Illinois Senators who have reason to doubt their popularity with the electorate.

We can look with joyous apprehension at what will happen when the able and incorrigible Governor of Wisconsin is admitted to the Senate. We want to know the inner life of that august body and the reasons of things, and we are prepared and fortified for the worst.

IV.

The signal victories of right ideals in the governorship contests were a great and an encouraging feature of the last campaign. It is needless to mention Folk and his anti-boodle crusade; La Follette and his fight against entrenched corporate wealth; Douglass and his successful plea for a sane tariff; Deneen and his battle with the Lorimer machine; but when we reach Johnson of Minnesota, the facts have not been made clear. He was not elected because he had been a good boy and kind to his mother, altho' those attributes were worthy of remark. He was elected because he was a strong, clean man, and because his opponent was a discredited office-holder and politician, put forward and fraudulently nominated by Jim Hill and the

railroads. This victory was the greatest of all, inasmuch as it was less personal and more the result of a popular uprising.

V.

It is almost impossible to realize the change in our State situation since the days of Tanner and the Humphrey bills.

It is obvious to the most casual observer that the legislature is not what it ought to be and that, instead of seriously considering the welfare of the State, it is prone to indulge in cheap and nasty partisan politics and to look for the petty graft of jobs. But when we look back to Tanner days, when one-half its time was spent in blackmail, and one-half in boodling, we must certainly be cheered by the thought that the worst has happened and is not yet to come. For with an honest and manly Governor, and an aroused public sentiment there is little chance of bad legislation, altho' there be pinhead legislators who scoff at Primary Reform and the Merit System.

It will take another election or two to transform this cheerful hippodrome and to beget to its frolicsome mind the thought that a public demand for right things, by the people of the State, is not to be taken as an idle jest. The decisive fight over the Mueller Bill was a final blow at the dominance of the shamelessly vicious and from now on, with the wise help of the Legislative League, we may hope for continual improvement and a continuous record of deeds and misdeeds.

Good measures of a non-political nature, can now be passed. We must wait to see the results of the merit and primary and new character bills before indulging in praise that may be premature.

VI.

It can be said without dispute, that the continuing wave of municipal betterment started in Chicago, probably once the worst governed of American cities. The foundation was laid in the Civil Service Law and the Council was cleaned out by the Municipal Voters' League, in their leadership of the finest electorate to be found anywhere.

An example was given of what it was possible to do, and no longer could the dishonest or the cowardly say that the task was impossible. Then came the splendid work of Lincoln Steffens, giving blame and encouragement. Now, scattered throughout the country, are municipal leagues, and often as they meet defeat they are heartened by Chicago, by Minneapolis, and by other cities that are working out their salvation. And now all know that there is no defeat in a good cause.

Even Philadelphia, sold out and sodden, is having a revival. True, this revival is turned against the minor ills of police graft and vice, and is seemingly oblivious of the sacrifice of democracy on the altars of greed. True it is that Philadelphia has forgotten the days of Faneuil Hall and the Liberty Bell, and the sacred right of revolution, and prefers prayers to pick handles and ropes. But we cannot expect much of Philadelphia and maybe prayer is its best hold since its own citizenship lacks the virility to save itself.

VII.

But of this Chicago which we love and for which we fight, what can we say of Chicago? What have the nine years done for Chicago? Much good and little ill.

For clean citizenship is of more consequence than dirty streets and knowledge of our problems and willingness to face them is everything, while self-gratulatory, smug indifference to principle, altho' coupled with better physical surroundings, is nothing but death and damnation.

Our streets are dirty. Why? Because of insane real estate speculation which has created miles of them that are unnecessary and impossible to maintain. This is the penalty of folly.

Our street car service is vile because it is in greedy hands and we will not surrender right or principle. This is the penalty of righteousness in days of transition from boodle to citizenship, and we pay it gladly that others may be better for our fight.

Our air is smoky partly because of ignorance, partly because of greed, but the gas trust and the coal barons must take part of the blame. A fair chance and equality of treatment by the department can remedy much.

Our Council, as a body, is honest, altho' certain members are grafters, and these ,together with their purchasers, are doing all possible to besmirch honest men. This is an old device. And nine years ago a few men were seeking enough recruits to sustain a mayor's veto. In those nine years, by a steady, unremitting tug, the Council has gained power to do constructive work for the city. Good people have been glad to serve on joint committees, looking to the general welfare. The Mayor has been consistently with the people in fighting the grafters and goes out of office with the gratitude of every honest and fair man.

The Merit System, installed and honestly maintained, has proved what its friends predicted for it. A great sewer has been better and more cheaply built by day labor under direct city employ than has ever been done by contract plus extras.

City accounting has been cleaned up, and we know where we stand financially, altho' the knowledge is not entirely pleasant.

Our municipal water department has steadily improved and, basing its charges on cost of service and not on capitalization, has given to us this necessity at prices that are steadily being reduced.

Step by step gambling and all night saloons have been stamped out.

The city lighting plant has been run at a enormous saving over contract offers by a private corporation.

A municipal lodging house has been established.

Our best doctors have marvelously improved the facilities for treating the helpless wards of the County and City.

Small parks and play grounds are being laid out and big parks are approaching realization.

The schools are used as neighborhood centers less than they ought to be, but still to a certain extent.

The Merit System has been inaugurated in the County service.

Everything is vastly better and is still improving in spite of the perennial wail of some of our speculative and predatory citizens that capital is being driven away. It is like the plaint that might be urged that there were less birds in the chicken yard because the farmer shot the hawk.

In this crucible of divergent races and beliefs, and interests, where none is supreme, but all must compromise, is being made the American citizenship of tomorrow, which will be based on honesty, self-respect, and respect for the rights of others. That in this turmoil and clash and struggle has come this uplift in citizenship is justification for the optimist and a deep draught of courage for the reformer.

The present campaign, in spite of some imminent dangers, is in many ways the most encouraging one that Chicago has witnessed.

Seven years ago, at a memorable meeting at Central Music Hall, Governor Altgeld, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and John Harlan declared for municipal ownership, the last named speaker going so far as to say that: "If the people want, it, now is the appointed time." I am free to admit that, knowing the corruption and inefficiency of the City government, I at that time preferred farming out this municipal function to having the city take it in charge. The resolution carefully drawn to cover the existing emergency, made no allusion to future policy. But there was handed up an amendment, stating that if it were not then time for municipal ownership, it would be when the franchises began to expire; this amendment, offered by Mr. Nourse, and read by Mr. Harlan, was seconded and carried with tumultuous unanimity. It was prophetic, and the appointed time is on us.

The Mueller law, an enabling act, was passed by a decent majority in the legislature, over a cowardly speaker and a Lorimerized minority. The people overrode the corporation politicians. The accepted time is here.

But thro' all the years of struggle the Gas Trust has steadily sneaked along in what might be called a gumshoe campaign, and has fortified itself in a protected monopoly from which only the City, with its corporate powers, can dislodge it.

I shall not bore you with details of methods or of political mine and countermine, but shall take up for a few moments, the meaning of municipal ownership and operation.

First of all, it means the highest form of mutual co-operation to furnish necessities in the best manner at a minimum of cost. I am not afraid of names, but if this end is socialism, the public schools, public parks, and the post office are more socialistic, because they purvey things less necessary than water, light and transportation.

I mention water, because those who fight the things Chicago wants are forced to argue against the things Chicago has.

If this is socialism, this mutual co-operation, then mutual insurance companies, and an arrangement for farmers to carry each other's mail are socialistic and, to reduce matters to their lowest term, every action intended to help or lighten the burden of another is socialistic and only those things are free from this taint that are along the line of the old commercial theory that holds that the only profitable trade is where one man helps himself by injuring another.

Now, the object of the private corporation, dealing in public utilities, is either to pay the largest possible dividends or to sell watered stock, and in either case is hostile to the public interest, which furnishes the market and wants the best obtainable at cost price, plus a reasonable return on actual investment to be used as sinking fund. The interests are diametrically opposed and it is absurd to try to reconcile them.

The street car service and the railway service are but extensions of the city street and the public road, both of which institutions date back of the name "Socialism," and both of which have been recognized as necessities. Was Governor Deneen deemed a radical when he advocated paved roads in Illinois?

The question of artificial light is merely one of adapting and utilizing the stored rays of the sun. Obviously this ought to be done by all of us, for all of us, at the minimum of cost. Is the sun socialistic?

Aside from the "bogy-man" charges of Socialism, we find other arguments against municipal ownership, chief among which is the claim that it would put the business of transporting and lighting into politics. And yet, since the advent of the Merit System, no one has heard of the water office or the city electric plant being in politics. On the other hand, there has been little or nothing in politics for ten years back excepting these traction companies. The best efforts of all who have the city's welfare at heart, have been expended in mere defense against those who have steadily sought to debauch and ruin the city. Sometimes openly, under Yerkes, sometimes subtly under men of greater caution, there has always been hung up before our servants the prospect of silver for the betrayal of their master, the citizens of Chicago. The dirty hand-marks of the briber have at one time or another besmirched every post of public trust from juryman to governor. Some of the best men Chicago could muster to the defense have died in the task of holding back the corruption of our elected officials, and the backs of many more have nearly broken in contending against the villainous alliance of the traction and light companies with their sort of politics. And now when Chicago has for years had little time to do anything but fight these pirates and drive them out of politics, they lead in the sad song that municipal ownership, even under civil service, would put the question into politics.

Another said plaint is that of the inadequacy of the city to manage such of its inherent functions. The city, under the worst possible auspices, never ran the water office as badly as the cars are now being run. It could not run them worse and it would run them better. Let the sad ones discontinue their grief; let them go to the Council if they can go there with clean hands, and pure hearts, and work for the city, instead of cursing it. They will be surprised that things are as good as they are and there will be plenty of chance for them to use every ounce of their power toward helping their fellowmen.

It is universally recorded in history that, in the long run, responsibility has begotten ability. Has not England advanced in civic decency under the strain put upon her? Were President McKinley's appointments better or worse when great weight was put upon him? And so with Chicago; sooner or later, depending on the initial impulse, municipal ownership and the broadening tasks of citizenship will dignify Chicago and she will perform the tasks.

In the present contest in which my preference is well known, I feel I am justified in stating the reasons for that preference.

Both candidates stand for municipal ownership, both men are honest and estimable. Each promises to accelerate that date as much as lies in his power. Neither will tolerate a fresh grip being taken by the traction companies who have proved our worst enemies.

But whoever is elected, there will be war. I believe Harlan and those about him will be better qualified to carry on that war than Judge Dunne and his followers. I believe they will better administer the city than Judge Dunne and those surrounding him.

Were the qualifications of the candidates absolutely equal, the people of Chicago should remember with gratitude the man who was their champion in the bad old days, and should resent the imputations cast on his honesty. Whichever way goes the election, it is the non-partisan who not only holds the balance of power, but who will cast the majority vote.

Whatever was involved in the recent goldbrick purchase of Morgan, Field, et al., it never involved either candidate. There ought to be an Illinois Gold Brick Trust formed for "innocent investors," who seem to perennially spring up.

However you may vote for the city ticket, and below the head of that ticket I make no recommenda-

tions, except to commend the splendid service of City Attorney Smulski, for heaven's sake, look out for your aldermen. Get it fixed in your minds that the old tests of honesty and efficiency are the only tests. Every honest public servant will bow to the public will, and every thief will swear to any platform that will get him nearer the crib. Bear in mind that John Powers is a municipal ownership candidate and that Coughlin is another and that in proof of fealty to principle, the latter voted against the only chance for municipal ownership offered, and tried to obstruct the summary and righteous move of Mayor Harrison. Don't take a "one-issue" man if he is ignorant and untrustworthy. The Municipal Voters' League has guided us right for nine years; it is an honest guide to-day.

This momentous election of Chicago is but a local phase of the Battle for Opportunity, designated by the President as a "Square Deal."

Our people throughout the land know they are being wronged, that the good things of life and the hardships of life are not being evenly distributed. They are patient and sane and willing to recognize the divergencies of talent and the unavoidable chances and mischances of human life. But they further know that beyond these things, they are being wronged by their fellowmen and this they can and will remedy.

With Lincoln Steffens they have traced the corruption of public life to the greedy compact between politics and big business, and have followed the trail to the biggest legislative body of the nation.

With Miss Tarbell they have traced the criminal career of the Standard Oil Company and the cannibal life of John D. Rockefeller.

They have seen the sordid looting of the public through Morgan and the ship building trust.

They have learned by confession and by other evidence, of the rottenness of railroad corporations that with no more excuse than is offered the post office, discriminate between man and man in their public service, and grant especial favors to officers and directors, against the rights and welfare of stockholders.

The lurid confessions of Thomas Lawson but confirm by detailed statement what has long been known, that the great banks, trust companies and insurance companies of New York, are using the power of the people's money to wrong and to rob the people.

In view of all the evidence obtained through confession and investigation of the methods of operating "high finance," with its myriad stock and bond issues, its over-capitalization and consolidations, how absurd seems the labored plea of Judge Grosscup for the "peoplization" of industry under existing management. Such "peoplization" of industry would simply afford another opportunity for capital to cash its ill-gotten checks out of the public's purse. While speaking of Judge Grosscup, what do the people think of the continuing usurpation of their private or municipal functions by the United States government through a federal court? What can capital say of "traction management in politics," in view of this state of affairs, which is national politics in city business?

I have spoken of New York, because New York is to-day the center of the things most despicable in the Republic. It is the home of extravagance; the birthplace of the monkey dinner; the town where the very, very rich, who own boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, are advertised on the program as conspicuously as the announcement of the opera itself. But the evils of vulgar, ostentatious, parasitic and predatory wealth are not by any means confined to New York. A few Chicago people try to follow the lead, but somehow or other the Chicago populace cares more for the horse races on Derby Day, than for the private equipages; and somehow or other the Fat Stock Show excites as much interest as the swelldom on exhibition at the Horse Show. We have not yet surrendered our democracy in Chicago, nor are we going to surrender it. And what is more, the West is going to make effective this battle for opportunity. The West will continue to send its vulgarly ostentatious people to the Waldorf-Astoria and, purged of their evil influence, will have strength to keep pure the stream of strong, simple American life.

Moreover, if our emigres but read the splendid publications that emanate from New York, such as Life, McClure's and Collier's, they may learn of taste and decency and character and be able to convert the encrusted snobbery of the metropolis.

Long have we trusted to the theory of Laissez Faire and individual competition. There was a time when this justified itself, in the days of small fortunes, in the days of early development, in the days portrayed in the lives of our great men of the past who split rails, taught school, ran country stores and rose to eminence through their efforts. But those days are unfortunately gone, and now our only cure rests in government control and regulation.

The great trusts are engaged continually in knocking down and dragging out those who cross their paths. Sometimes by cutting off a competitor's market; sometimes by purchasing adverse legislation; oftener by corrupt and collusive arrangement with railroads; by persecution in the law courts and threats of litigation, and, when need be,—attempted sometimes with success,—by perverting the courts, the fountain head of justice. A horde of lawyers has grown up to help these processes.

In the fight for opportunity, as capital has combined, so must the opposition be combined and we find the first opponents arising in the form of united and federated labor. This labor movement has shown amidst its fallacies and abuses, an unselfish and altruistic spirit higher than anything known in the ranks of capital, a spirit prophetic and guiding. And this, too, is termed socialism when it is a mere struggle for existence, and for opportunity.

We must not be deluded into the belief that men are morally different on account of occupation or wealth. We can match Yerkes with Sam Parks. We can match Philadelphia, misgoverned by the plutocracy, with San Francisco, being looted by a union labor government so bad that Union Labor is about to turn against its progeny. But in Philadelphia are only prayers.

There is, however, a saving salt of humanity in the man who knows hunger and want at first hand, a saving salt often foreign to the equally good or equally bad among the wealthy.

Besides the remedy of voluntary association, as in the Labor Union, we find another remedy by sometimes wierd, but always resourceful Kansas, in its struggle with the Standard Oil Company. There they are literally following the thought laid down in the preamble of the constitution and, having learned of the terrible power and unscrupulous greed of that institution, and knowing the fate of private competition, they, in order "to promote the general welfare," set up against an unbeaten antagonist, the unbeatable rivalry of the state with all its power of taxation and regulation.

This, too, has been socialism, but whether it is or not, it is a shrewd move in the battle for opportunity.

These are but sample pages of what is going on in

our country, and the end of the struggle cannot be in doubt.

In unhappy Russia the people are also arising against privilege and are becoming conscious of the absurdity as well as the viciousness of the autocracy. That the will of one individual should represent the law of the land, is simply a declaration of the right of the strongest to rule. There is no symptom nor logical claim of law about it. If the Czar is at liberty to take human life at his pleasure, there rests in every man in Russia an equal right to destroy human life. This is the logical outcome of the doctrine of force, and we are but shortsighted if for a moment we consider assassination, under such auspices, as worse or different from the condemnation of men to death by what is in Russia called legal process or by sending them to the front to fight when they wish to remain at home. There, too, struggle for opportunity is being fought out with little doubt as to where victory will rest.

Returning to our own country and considering the question of the warfare being waged against great corporations, we are met by the astounding weakness of the law and its execution. The railroads are resisting bitterly the extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. All sorts of corporations are opposed to the idea of publicity as if that, in itself, were an evil. Light and air are fatal only to things nourished in darkness. It was amusing to read in an interview granted by the President of one of Chicago's banks, a bitter complaint against the Government's insistence on obtaining publicity in corporate affairs. It showed the ridiculous inconsistency of capital. If there is one thing more than another that a reputable bank desires, and his is an excellent one, it is the utmost possible publicity in its transactions, that everyone may know that it is solvent and conducting its business along right lines, and therefore not liable to be subject to a "run" by panic stricken depositors. And yet, with all this publicity, the banks have little to complain of in the matter of earnings, and there is no hostility displayed toward them by the people.

The President is right. It is a square deal the people want. They want to be sure they are getting a square deal. They are willing to pay for a square deal. And they do not ask service gratis. Our Chicago banks, with their vast good will, show that corporations can be honest, open, and profitable.

This question of disciplining corporations seems to me ridiculously simple. They are chartered by the federal government or by the states, and are given peculiar rights and powers by their progenitors. That they cannot be regulated in the interests of public welfare by their creators, seems the height of folly to assert. If they were not created to "promote the general welfare," what were they created for? One would suppose from the lucubrations of Mr. Eckels against light and air, that they were created for the purpose of exploiting the people. If they cannot be controlled in any other way, they should be destroyed. There are definite punishments for men who commit crimes. We are sick and tired of hearing directors and officers of corporations contend that they work for their stockholders and therefore ought not to be held personally liable for their misdeeds. This is an absurd plea that undermines all morals. But suppose, for argument's sake we grant it. Then let us turn and punish the corporation; and there is only one punishment for a corporation and that is capital punishment and extirpation. Supposing we admit that the men, who, in the interests of stockholders, are guiltless of the crimes they commit; the crimes have been committed; the responsibility rests somewhere, and, if not on men, therefore on the corporation. The corporation should forfeit its charter, if any agent is guilty of discrimination, unfair dealing or bribery in its interests.

But if we argue thus about corporations, how can we essentially modify our argument when we consider the misuse of wealth in private hands, except as regards the penalty.

The right to inherit wealth it is easily seen, rests entirely with the law. The dead hand is powerless and the dead voice is dumb, except as the law constituted by society for the general good of society, gives power to the wishes of the dead. This is recognized fully in all civilized countries, in the right to tax inheritances for the support of that law, without which there could be no such thing as inheritance. It is not a long step to realize that the accumulation of capital in quantities, large or small, is also protected and made possible only by the law, and that this law is established for the benefit of society, for all men, and not for the benefit of a group of men. If it were not for such law and its general recognition, the world would simply be a scene of universal robbery by power, exactly as is now going on in some of the corporate dealings which we have touched upon.

This is very simple and fundamental, but do you see where it leads us? It shows, without doubt or possibility of denial, that if wealth, whether corporate or individual, is used for oppression and the damage of society, then, under force of the same law which gives sanction to its accumulation, it can be and should be taken from unworthy hands.

An interesting case of oppressive monopoly has been recently exposed in the case of the senate-fortified express companies. Without the consent of the Senate, the President has recently entered into reciprocal parcels-post arrangements with England, so that now parcels from the interior of the United States can be sent to the interior of England at less price than they can be shipped by express from Chicago to Muskegon, and still the Senate blocks the way to a strictly American parcels-post. How long will the public stand this sort of thing in the face of such definite demonstrations?

We cannot pass the question of the battle line and the disintegrating forces with which we are dealing, without full recognition of the awful iniquities practiced under the banner of Union Labor. Men have been dragged from wagons and had both arms broken under the auspices of a teamsters' strike in San Francisco, with no reproof or even disapproval from the Union. Women have been stripped and beaten and insulted and men have been killed in Chicago, apparently with consent or approval of striking organizations.

Labor Unions must be sure they are definitely and clearly right, and upon Capital is placed the same burden, and when the contests come, if labor is right, it must not lose its case by pitting brutality against wrong.

I have touched upon a few of the many subjects at issue between the American people and their own evil tendencies, with which they are waging victorious war. If this fight is socialistic, it is socialistic only as a united effort against unscrupulous, predatory individualism. The American people are essentially individualistic. They are not struggling for a low mean that will represent the least service and the lowest qualifications. They are struggling for a chance, and if that chance must be gained through co-operation, however socialistic that co-operation may be, the socialism in it is merely a means to an end and will be intensified or mollified in accordance with the modifi-

cation of the unfair conditions now exerted by individualism unrestrained by law or a sense of justice or decency.

We have considered the evils against which we are fighting. We should now look at some of the means that are used to promote the cause of evil. We find everywhere and everlastingly the same old thing, which is colloquially termed: "boodle," the purchase of legislation, the anarchy of the rich,—for poor men do not buy legislation because they cannot. We find everywhere the spirit of partisanship which, dividing the good, rewards the evil, and politicians who talk loudest of party loyalty laugh loudest over the spoil. This stupid partisanship is probably less known in Chicago than anywhere in the country, owing to years of education against it.

We find everywhere the cowardice of people who, knowing things, are afraid to speak out and who, having ideals, only whisper them when they should shout them from the house tops.

And then again, we find forever and everywhere, false ideals of what constitutes success and an ignorance which seldom questions why we are in the world. It seems as though religion were almost dead and the gospel of Jane Addams, and of Tolstoy, and Wagner, and other prophets of our day, seems something new to those who claim allegiance to the Nazarene. There is probably no quotation more commonly used than the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And yet how many people really grasp it with a realizing sense?

We are by no means done with the false view that the gathering of money constitutes success and that crimes may be condoned by the bestowal of that money for charity or education when it is no longer to be counted by our decrepit or dead fingers.

How silly and how small are the things that many strive for. When men are for life insured of food enough, and enough to wear, and the opportunities that may broaden life, many of them still struggle without cessation, not for the service of the world, but for bank accounts whih can be of no possible use to them.

Ephemeral creatures of a day, it seems as though they never tried to search out the meaning of life, but sell their lives and souls for nothing and leave the world worse than they found it. To me these seem the most ignorant of all men in the world. I have met many politicians and many of them are workers of iniquity. I have also met politicians with really clean and high ideals; all had a sense of democracy and a sense of kindliness. The doctor, be he great and honorable, or be he small or quack; the lawyer, practicing in the justice court or supreme court, whatever his moral bias may be; the laborer, the farmer, the miner, the cowboy; all these men have met the world and known the world and its trouble and struggle and have a sense of democracy, but somehow the accumulation of wealth, even by men who have grown up from the bottom, seems often to blind them to the real life of the world. With failure they are apt to grow bitter; with success they are apt to grow hard; in any event, they grow blind to what is about them.

Many of them, to the lack of moral sense or a sense of proportion, add another crime. They lack a sense of humor. The ship building magnates of New York, with their little shell game and elusive pea, are not especially admirable, although very rich. I can never think of the Whitney-Widener-Elkins syndicate in their wanderings in search of unearned privileges in public streets, except as organ grinders' monkeys who are asking or snatching the nickels of children.

If thrift and saving may be considered as life preservers, as they fairly may, then we can say with equal certainty that those dollars unfairly or dishonestly accumulated, are like the cast iron found in the life preservers in the New York ferry boats. They are a weight to our souls, a burden to our lives, and, sooner or later, will sink us or our successors.

The wrongs of which we have taken notice seem to me to be more largely due to the heedless rush toward an unworthy goal than to ineradicable human tendencies. Better public opinion will create better environment, and ideals which have outlasted the coinage of every nation in history, will wipe the dollar mark from our civilization.

In spite of all the evils we see in the world and the battle waging on all sides of us, I am sure that things are tending mightily toward righteousness. I see the splendid altruism of labor. I feel sure that wealth is coming, with the new generations, to bear with it, the burdens of responsibility for its use and its expenditure. Many of the noblest men I know are men who are beyond want or its reasonable possibility. They are men who work; who do not talk money or eat money or wear money, but try to help others to the utmost of their time and means. These men are of the democracy and their number is growing with growing enlightenment.

It will not be long before an account of every man's stewardship will contain three searching questions not heretofore popular:

What do you do as an excuse for existence?
How did you get your money?
How do you spend it?

In scattered wise, because I have been too busy to do better, I have tried to indicate world tendencies, and American drift; I have tried to fairly estimate what is in my grasp.

In the labor movement, in consumers' leagues, in the Arts and Crafts movement, in the fight against misused money, in the purging of our government, in the enlarging of our mutual endeavor, in our ceaseless, restless search for light, the tendencies all converge in a general uplift, a nearer approach to equality of opportunity, a better understanding and a kindlier view of each other, and the sum is Democracy. For that noble word carries in it the yearning of the world. Throughout the earth it is gaining hour by hour. The perception of progress should encourage and inspire us, and make us thankful that it has been our good fortune to live in a generation wherein the seed sown by the great and good men of the past is so rapidly approaching abundant fruition.

A Little Minister.

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
Where frequent lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry,—

I found a bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifting its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care—
Far up the crag.

And often now, when fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And as of old in my despair
I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of UNITY:

UNITY is always a welcome visitor even to an orthodox Episcopalian like myself. It is especially good when our Rev. Brother Jenkin Lloyd Jones is heard from at length.

His published discourse on Abraham Lincoln, which appeared in a late issue, was especially enjoyable. To those of us whose chief ambition it is to help men grow into true manhood, and to see our weak humanity speedily crowned with divine beauty and strength, to read of these reminiscences of the man Abraham Lincoln is a perpetual delight. But how few of those most intimately associated with him know that the man of Lincoln's day and generation, who most resembled him in those graces of character which we especially admire, was his principal opponent on the field of battle—Robert Edward Lee. Those Southerners who, like myself, had the honor and privilege of knowing Lee personally, can bear witness to that fact.

For instance—as a parallel to the Sparrow episode: During a certain battle the opposing batteries were pouring a hail of shell on an eminence from which he was watching the movements of troops. He calmly directed those around him to move from under fire, and continued the inspection. Finally those at a distance noticed him stoop as he leisurely retired and amid the bursting shell gently replaced a sparrow in a nest from which it had been dislodged by the fire.

I think the way in which that "Hunter" episode is set forth rather does President Lincoln an injustice. It is very hard for those who understand him to believe that he would take advantage of the position of an ambassador—a gentleman of irreproachable character—to insult him in so gross a fashion. The way in which the President is represented as referring to the "hanging of traitors," does not give, as I imagine, the kindly drollery which would have given the remark a very different complexion.

We insist upon believing that Abraham Lincoln would have warmly echoed a remark of R. E. Lee, bearing upon this subject. "The forbearing use of power," said Lee, "not only forms a touchstone but the manner in which a certain individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he *cannot help* humiliating others.

It must be remembered that Hunter's opinions and principles were identical with those expressed by Lee in his letter of January 5th, 1866. "All that the South has ever desired was that the Union as *established by our forefathers* should be preserved." And again, July 9th following, "I had no other object than the defense of the principles upon which the Constitution of the several States was originally founded." And until the wonderfully clear and conclusive argument of Alex. H. Stephens in his "War Between the States" is answered by someone on "the other side," we can perceive another reason why the good and able President should have used the epithet with a kindly humorous tone.

How heartily Mr. Lincoln would have appreciated the following incident which occurred in 1869: A Southern orator was pouring forth a volley of, in that day, popular epithets, such as "The hirelings of the North," "The tyrannical and merciless invaders of our constitutional liberty," etc., when General Lee stepped up to the reporter and said, "In reporting that address omit all the bitter expressions against the North." . . . "I think all such expressions are both undignified and unbecoming."

On another occasion a friend of mine—a minister of another denomination—gave utterance to some very bitter criticisms of the North. Lee listened, said nothing, but later privately rebuked him, directing his attention to the spirit of Christ.

In 1869 General Lee was seen talking to a person at his gate. As his companion moved away the General said, "That is one of our old soldiers in necessitous circumstances." "To what command did he belong, General"? he was asked. "Oh, he fought on the other side," replied Lee. A little later the ex-"Boy-in-Blue," whom Lee had liberally aided, remarked to a clerical friend of mine, "Sir, he is the noblest man that ever lived."

Lee in his attitude towered so high above his contemporaries that the Southern people, while they reverenced him profoundly, found it difficult to follow him. Think of a man whose soul was so royally enthroned that he could not merely say but *feel*, "Those boys in blue are our brothers—giving their hearts' blood at the call of duty. They are only mistaken—that is all"! This amid the terrible carnage and bitterness engendered by that awful civil strife.

The sailors of the Bible story in the storm-tossed bark of old, wondered when the tempest of that tumultuous sea settled to an instant calm at Christ's "Peace, be still"! The world wondered at the sudden cessation of that great civil struggle. I wonder if the North has ever understood it! It was the voice of Lee—the patriot—the uncrowned king of the Southland, which rang over the land echoing Christ's command of old. He said in effect, "Your interests are now the interests of our Common Country. *Unite* to obliterate the effects of war and restore the blessings of peace." (Letter to the war governor of Virginia, Aug. 28, 1865.)

They are both, Lincoln and Lee, "over the river," now! Lee the scrupulous Episcopalian, Lincoln the "Liberal." But in the clear white light of eternity, those two sweet and knightly souls can look into each other's hearts and "know," "even as they are known"!

SOUTHERNER.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear UNITY:

Let me add a word to the review in your issue of March 16 on "A Short Introduction to the Gospels." It says: "As a brief handbook for students of the Gospels, our English literature of the subject has nothing so serviceable." I want to apply that sentence to "The Synoptic Gospels," by J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford, which to my mind is by far the clearest and most critical brief treatment of the problem. It is a Unitarian publication and not on sale in the bookstores, but may be had from the Unitarian bookrooms in Chicago (175 Dearborn St.), or in Boston (25 Beacon St.). I send you this because for some reason or other the book is not known as well as it ought to be among those who are interested in this inquiry.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Chicago, Mar. 18, 1905.

In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

—*Percival.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—In the sanctuary of the soul, make ready the kingdom of heaven.

MON.—Guard with care that passion for the better which dwells within you.

TUES.—Preserve your good humor. It is a signal of defeat for all the enemies of the soul.

WED.—The peace of the soul is the key to the world.

THURS.—Our words should be only commentaries on our acts.

FRI.—The ideal is the living representation of the realities whose germs we bear.

SAT.—To be alive in every part of our being, to realize the possibilities that are in us, to do all that we can, to become all that we are capable of becoming, this is the aim of life. This is our share; the rest is not in our hands.

—Charles Wagner.

O bluebird, welcome back again;
Thy burnished coat and ruddy vest
Are hues that April loveth best,—
Warm skies above the furowed plain.

—John Burroughs: The Bluebird.

March Birds.

That a single robin does not make a spring is quite as true as that "A single swallow does not make a summer." But when I was awakened on St. Patrick's Day, very early in the morning by a familiar "Cheer up, cheer up," I said to myself, Spring may not be here but she is certainly on her way, now we may begin to look out for her retinue of birds and flowers.

Happy is the man, woman or child, who loves the birds, if he can flee to the real country and haunt the forests and meadows during the spring migrations. But we whose lot is cast in the city need not despair, especially if we have a yard and a few trees. Even if we have not a bush or a tree we have vacant lots and parks. The Wooded Island, Jackson Park, is said to be, for its area, one of the best places in the United States for bird study.

Every naturalist of high or low degree has doubtless echoed Lowell's wish that he might find some postern to his pleasure.

But in this as in every other good, "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us."

When fully armed and equipped for a "birding"—old shoes, unpresentable garments and a hat that defies low hanging boughs, we encounter friends at the station bound for their matinee we can hardly help feeling apologetic and the desire to explain is strong within us.

However, we can solace ourselves that we have made our own choice and if we find the "colors of joy in the bird and the love in its carol heard," especially if we carry home a new species in our mental game bag we feel reconciled to the despite done to our pride.

Nature is very generous to the heart that loves her, responding in kindly measure to the mood that we confide to her, so we need not wait for June to fill the heart to overflowing.

If we go to Oakwoods after the middle of March on a good bird day, we shall hear the "Spring of the Year," of the meadowlark. If our souls are in tune, something in us will answer back to something more than the sweet and tender notes. We will follow the gentle leading toward the east pond where the cattails grow and through our opera glasses watch the birds, walking about in little groups, singing their little song and showing us as they turn, the black crescent on the mottled breast. At the same time and place we may be so fortunate as to see the Red-winged Black-bird and hear his "Okalee."

There also we recognize our Song Sparrow. The March wind sways his bough and separates the feathers of his breast, disclosing his one distinctive feature, a little black spot. He sings his own little song for us. The high, clear note repeated two or three times, followed by a trill more or less musical as the songster is more or less gifted. The familiar recital does not weary us with its iterance.

"A week ago the Sparrow was divine" sings Lowell in June after the return of the Bobolink. The Song Sparrow may not have been his Sparrow, as there are other stars in this large and talented family, but in March this firstling of the flock has no rivals and holds us fast in his little heart.

Flocks of slate-colored Juncos, feeding on the ground, but flying at the slightest alarm and thus displaying the two white outer tail feathers, that make their identification an easy matter, are among the loiterers in this silent city as is the Bluebird "shifting his light load of song," his timely exhortation "charity, charity."

This place is one of the favorite resorts of the Towhee, Phewink, or Ground Robin, whose notes and ground habits, give him his names, but who can sing a rare song when he chooses.

In any of the parks or groves we may see the Bronzed Grackle or Crow Blackbird, "Clatterin' in tall trees and settlin' things in windy congresses." When he is not "clatterin'" or walking about under the trees gossiping with his neighbors and displaying the iridescence of his coat, or scolding human intruders, he is singing a song as musical as the creaking of a rusty hinge or the squeak of a horse-fiddle.

The Flicker, Highhole, Golden-winged Woodpecker (choose for yourself any other one of his thirty names) busies himself feeding on ants and other ground insects, only when he flies does he show his flag of truce, so large and white that it may be seen long after the red crescent on the head and the black one on the breast are lost to sight.

The Yellow-bellied Woodpecker or Sapsucker, responsible for the symmetrical rows of holes in many of our trees; the White-breasted Nuthatch who runs up and down the trees in search of insects in the bark and who shares the habit of the California Woodpecker in wedging acorns and other seeds into the bark to be "hatched" at need; the tiny Brown Creeper running up one tree spirally and flying down to the foot of the next one, and several others are among the early birds that we learn to know and love. I cannot refrain from mentioning the largest and reddest of the Sparrows, the Fox Sparrow. He comes early and makes a short visit, but is well worth seeing, while his rich, full, vigorous song is a delight.

I have found him on the Wooded Island opposite Japanese buildings in shrubbery only and never in numbers. His color and habit of scratching with both feet at the same time, hopping up and down, identify him beyond question.

They come one by one, these little feathered friends, each with its own attractions, its own habits and manners, its own individuality and its own litttle life history.

The least of these little ones is entitled to our protection.

To make their acquaintance, not for the accumulation of facts, not for mental discipline, but for the enrichment of life, and to make real the fact that "Everything is kin of mine" is its own exceeding great reward.

ANNA M. SNIVELY.

Chicago, March 23.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Foreign Notes.

FREDERIC MISTRAL AND THE NOBEL PRIZE.—Among all the various articles concerning the Nobel prizes that have appeared since the awards for 1904, I do not remember to have seen in any American publication a statement of the use to which the venerable Provençal poet proposes to devote the sum awarded him.

It will be remembered that the income of the Nobel fund is divided into five portions awarded annually in prizes as follows:

I. The peace prize—For the person who has done most or labored best for the cause of fraternity among different peoples, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, or for the promotion of peace societies.

II. The literature prize—For the author of the most remarkable work of an idealistic nature.

III. The medicine prize—For the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology and medicine.

IV. The physics prize—For the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physical science.

V. The chemistry prize—For the person who shall have made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry.

In the four years since the income of this fund became available the peace prize and the physics prize have more than once been divided, while the literature, medicine and chemistry prizes have until last year been awarded to a single individual in every case.

In 1904, however, the literature prize was divided between the Provençal poet Frederic Mistral and the Spanish dramatist Echegary. This award strikingly illustrates another point in which the Scandinavian authorities charged with the distribution of the prizes have taken liberties with the intentions of the founder. Far from making these prizes the reward of the best achievement in each domain within the year, they have more often than not made their selection among living notabilities quite regardless of the date of any work that gave them a claim to special distinction. Thus it is many long years since Mistral's noted epic "Miréio" created a wide-spread literary sensation by its revival of the *langue d'oc.* He is so far from being one of the authors of the day that I fancy more than one reader felt a certain surprise at the recent publication in the newspapers of a letter from President Roosevelt to the poet, born in 1830, whose reputation was made in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

The president's autograph letter acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Mistral's poems is said to have read in part as follows:

"You are teaching a lesson that none more need to learn than we of the West—we of the eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation—the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached the things that really count in life are things of the spirit.

"Factories and railroads are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover or sweetheart, love of beauty, is man's work, and in nature love and emulation of daring and lofty endeavor are the homely work-a-day virtues and heroic virtues. These are better still, and if they are lacking no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity, shall avail either individual or nation.

"I do not undervalue these things of the nation's body, I only desire that they shall not make us forget that besides the nation's body there is also the nation's soul."

This letter was to be delivered personally by Consul-General Skinner, at the home of the venerable poet in the little village of Maillane in the heart of Old Provence, the country of the troubadours.

How loyal and single-hearted Mistral has remained from youth to age to the love of Provence and its customs and tongue is well shown by this brief note to a friend connected with the *Temps* who wrote congratulating him on receipt of the Nobel prize. It is dated at Maillane, December 10, 1904.

"My Dear Friend:—You ask my feeling about the Nobel prize which was awarded to me today at Stockholm conjointly with the great Spanish poet Echegary. I can give it to you in two words.

"I am happy over this windfall which, being due to my filial devotion to Provence, will be dedicated by me to the glorification of Provence and its native tongue. You know I have founded at Arles a Provençal museum of ethnography (*Muséon Arletan*) in an old palace worthy to receive it. This palace, which belongs to the city—and which the municipal authorities have kindly granted to me—will be restored, thanks to the Nobel prize, and, as it is magnificent, it may some day become the palace of the *Félibrige,* the center for its meetings and its popular festivals.

"If God but spares us life, all this may be accomplished.

"Yours truly,

"FREDERIC MISTRAL."

The *Félibrige,* it may not be amiss to explain, is an association of authors and artists of the south of France founded in 1854. The etymology of its root *félibre* is variously given. It was found by Mistral in an old Provençal canticle telling how the Virgin Mary found Jesus in the temple among the seven *félibres* of the law.

Sully-Prudhomme received the undivided literature prize at the first distribution (1901). With this $40,000 he in turn created an annual prize of $300 to be awarded to the most deserving young poet who had not the necessary means to publish a book.

Few recipients of Nobel prizes however have devoted them to any public use. The most conspicuous instance, cited by Mr. W. T. Stead in his very comprehensive article on the Nobel prizes, is that of W. R. Cremer, radical and labor member for Hoxton of the British House of Commons. Mr. Cremer, the originator of the International Parliamentary Congress, of which he is the English secretary, was awarded the peace prize in 1903. He at once decided to use the greater part of it to endow the Arbitration League, a working-class organization for the promotion of international peace of which he is the president—a noble manifestation of public spirit on the part of the radical old shoemaker now seventy years of age.

Prof. Finsen of Copenhagen, inventor of the Finsen lamp for applying the light treatment to lupus, was in a dying condition when he received the medicine prize in 1903 and handed it over to the cause to which he had devoted his life.

Lord Rayleigh, Balfour's brother-in-law, and with Sir William Ramsay the discoverer of helium and argon, was awarded the physics prize in 1904. He has announced his intention of turning it over to the University of Cambridge. M. E. H.

A Card of Thanks.

Whereas, The issue of UNITY for March 2, 1905, is a memorial number in honor of our dear minister and friend, John White Chadwick, and is entirely devoted to tributes to his noble character and work and to extracts from his writings in prose and verse, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Society hereby expresses to the Editors of UNITY, its high appreciation of their services in the preparation of the memorial number, and hereby tenders to them its sincere thanks for their thought, care and labor in connection therewith.

Books Received.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The Master Word. By L. H. Hammond. $1.50 net.

Poverty. By Robert Hunter. $1.50 net.

Beyond Chance of Change. By Sarah Andrew Shafer. $1.50.

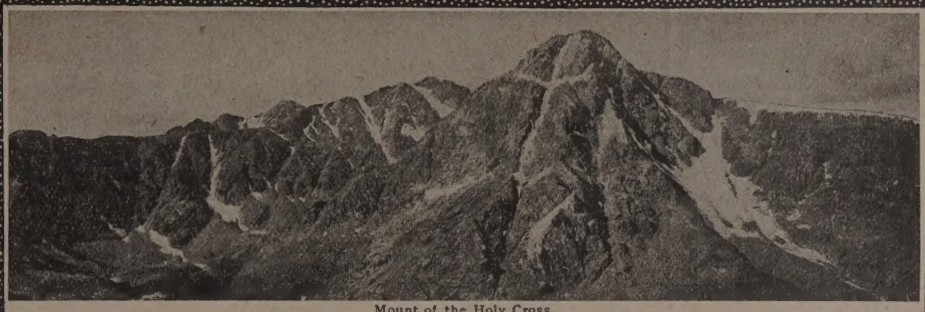
On Becoming Blind. By Dr. Emil Javal, translated by Carroll E. Edson. $1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.

Essays in Puritanism. By Andrew McPhail. $1.50 net.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.

The Priestly Element in the Old Testament. By William R. Harper. $1.00.



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